

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
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THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

HINTS

To all in like case offending.

CASTIGATOR is too surly, and (we fear) too personal, for our peaceable plan. This satire is written with much spirit and correctness; but would better suit the growling columns of a political journal, than the inoffensive and (sometimes) smiling pages of the Companion.—It is the business of the moralist to teach the advantages of virtue, and declare the miseries which inevitably follow vice. This purpose he may of right aim at, by general positions, which he may illustrate by particular examples: But religion forbids him to destroy the peace of any individual, under the pretence of benefiting “even a whole congregation;” because this is *positive evil*, and the writer is by no means certain that *any good* would result. FINIKY might have behaved in —— Church, with a rudeness truly unbecoming either a christian or a gentleman; and “so behaving,” as our correspondent justly observes, “goes far to prove him destitute of the qualities constituting either of these desirable characters;” but he is not to be corrected, nor will “his ways be mended,” by being so plainly described as that the children in the street might say, **THAT IS HE; there goes the fellow who laughs and ogles and whispers and acts the monkey in church!**

Castigator has so completely gibbeted his culprit, that were his essay published, every neighbour must hiss at the offender as he peeps out in the morning: Even the Sexton’s dog would bark at him, as he *sneaked* home in the evening. Thus would our correspondent miss his aim; for universal contempt would render the offender

desperate, when, instead of reforming, he would, like our irritable president, strive to do the enemy all the harm he could.

We will, however, transcribe one paragraph from our correspondent’s well-meant “*castigation*,” which may serve to convince this Mongrel FINIKY (for indeed, one would almost suppose that a monkey’s soul had taken possession of this man’s body!†) that his behaviour is not unobserved by those who are both able and willing to expose him.

—“The reverend gentleman, whose instructive genius, seasoned with the delicious spirit of a true servant of Christ, has oft afforded delectable food for the minds of hungering Christians, had commenced a discourse that would have done honour to a right reverend father of his people; and the attentive hearers hung with delight on the graceful eloquence of the pious orator—All, all but one, seemed thankful for this happy privilege of religious freedom, and for the inestimable blessing of an enlightened guide to the realms of eternal beatitude. One—dead to all sense of rationality—proof against all persuasion—turning his back on the minister, began his pranks to the great discomfiture of those around him; now mimicking the speaker, then ogling some fair one, who he presumptuously supposed (*if possible*) as embrutified as himself; at one time with features distorted, endeavouring to imitate some motion characteristic of his brother monkey, at another adjusting his cravat and collar, for the annoyance of his nose and ears. * * * * *

† QUEVEDO, the celebrated Spanish wit, would say, that the body of Finiky was inhabited by some mischievous whimsical Devil, that had been sent by his master to this world for the purpose of slyly diverting the attention of its inhabitants from religious worship. But we would advise such as Finiky not to render it necessary for us to discipline him as the Priest did Quevedo’s “Devil be-Catchpoled.”

" Should you, Mr. Easy, feel desirous of witnessing the vulgar impertinence of this irreligious fop, you may know him by this description :—[this we must omit, together with the information relative to the part of the house in which this astonishing droll is pleased to fix himself; for reasons assigned above.] I was anxiously expecting the moment when some proper officer should discover the indecorous behaviour of this ill-bred imp; but my wishes were without success. We well know that in almost any other country than America, a person of this description would soon have the deserved good fortune of meeting with *faithful guardians*, that would take proper care of him——"

We have been more prolix in this instance than is our usual custom, in "notes to correspondents," in hopes that we might effect the purpose which Castigator designed, without jeopardizing the very existence of the ridiculous *automaton*, whose conduct has roused the indignation of one that we would delight to call *Literary Friend*. This writer, with a more gentle hand, we would invite to assist us in plucking from the great garden of human intellect, many noxious shoots, which impede the growth of better plants.—" *Of him to whom much is given, much will be required.*" Or, as Shakespear has it,

————— If our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor
Both thanks and use.

As a sincere friend to all the weak-headed *bucks* in the city, we desire that some good-natured person will read this paper to Finiky. We would not insult him by asking him to read *any thing*!

COMMON SENSE—No. VI.

*None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind.* —DRYDEN.—

Mr. Easy,

A certain class of beings which infest society, called pedants, are continually insulting the feelings of more rational men, by their magisterial jabbering about nothing; and are so paradoxical and conceited, as to arrogate superior knowledge, and even an *exclusive right of judging for others*. Such characters generally view the merit of their contemporaries through the medium of presumption; and therefore, often despise what they do not fairly

comprehend; which evinces as great a want of sense and information, as the question of a Paris bookseller—who asked, "What! has the king of Prussia also a library?"

Actuated by the love of good argument, I have been in the habit of occasionally visiting the Pantheon, where one evening, I had the mortification to observe a pedantic disclaimer mount the *Rostrum*, with Aristotelian quirks and quibbles, and an air of brow-beating austerity insinuate, that his competitors were a set of egregious blockheads; when, in fact, the most silly of them possessed (at least) double the knowledge that he did. Let me ask this *grandiloquous* emblem of Chinese vanity, and all such conceited mortals, if the most noble trait of a man of merit is not modesty? and if celebrity is not greatly maimed when it is commixed with pedantic arrogance; which is not only ridiculous in itself, but is totally incapable of appreciating merit in others and consequently, treats it with haughty derision and ridicule? In a word, such cynics do not deem any thing laudable or praiseworthy, that is not produced by themselves; and when encomiums are bestowed on the performances of others, their contracted brows evince a frown of sarcastic scorn. They frequently expose their egotism by being the panegyrists of their own and the satyrists of other men's merit; inasmuch as their inimical tongues are continually emitting from their gorgon lips fumes of raillery against that fame, which is, to them inimitable. What prodigality and effeminate inconsistency! In the name of justice let me ask, if merit is not equally commendable, whether recognised in sackcloth, or in a purple?

It is remarkable, that when people suffer under the stupor of pedantry, they do not only deem themselves superlatively wise, but their self-conceit acts as a provocative to insult and superciliousness. Hence the Arab conceives his *Caliph* infallible, and derides the credulity of the Tartar, who attributes immortality to his *Lama*; and the self-wise nincompoop ridicules and speaks ill of the man of sense, because his nugatory brain imposes a belief that he is *nonpareil*, and consequently, that every thing is either nonsensical or vicious, that his imbecility cannot comprehend.

If, like unto the ancient Greeks, such men founded their conceit on real advantages, their arrogance would be somewhat excusable; but instead of this, like the degenerate race of Greeks, they imagine themselves super eminent, only because their ancestors were men of distinguished merit; while others of a similar cast have nothing to recommend them, but "a few more dollars than are requisite for immediate use:" Yes! and a

RARIO very justly observes, many a man is flattered and caressed for no other reason, than that he is a member of a rich family. Hence men often become arrogant and supercilious, so that their infatuated dreams of superiority elevate their deluded minds to so great a pitch, that they make a practice of deriding superior merit, with a view, no doubt, to impose a belief on the credulity of their servile flatterers, that they are the touchstones of knowledge.

There is another class of heterodox beings, who, like unto the zealous Peter, but not in so good a cause, declaim against all who disagree with them in opinion; these revile "The Pedestrian," because his essays are couched in terms different from what they would premise. For my part, I have never discovered any thing in his productions, either indecent or unbecoming; but on the contrary, they appear to me chaste and inoffensive, and are calculated to infuse into the very soul of stupidity, a lively sense of its insignificance in enlightened society; and to teach "vinegar-faced" mortals, that one of the most noble traits of a christian is innocent pleasantry.

Now, I would advise malapert pedants, the groveling slaves of malign arrogance, to be peaceable, and not persist in insulting superior authority and wisdom. Yes! ye silly worms of the dust! no longer have the bare-faced presumption to usurp the privilege of circumscribing the functions of the *Easy Club*; and of judging for the various tastes of readers, by insinuating, that this, that, or the other, essay is *corrupt*, *insignificant* or *nefarious*. However, such conduct is not at all surprizing when we reflect, that the productions of the most celebrated writers have been more or less subject to the contempt of the stupid and envious, and to their persecution. How is this inimical spirit to be accounted for? If it proceeds from ignorance, it is highly ridiculous; because, what is not fairly comprehended should be silently passed over: if from misanthropy, or ill-nature, it is barbarous and an absolute calumny against humanity. How silly it is for men to contemn what they deem insignificant. It betrays a palpable littleness of mind, and an incapacity to judge correctly. We seldom see men of real merit step out of the path of rectitude to ridicule what they deem contemptible; and therefore, I am the more astonished, that those who would be thought wise and virtuous, should adopt such humiliating conduct as that of traducing the "doggrel" and "nonsense" of your correspondents.—But the fact is, they are unconscionable pedants, who, mortified at their own incapability to write, wish to impose a belief on liberal and friendly minds, that the Com-

panion is rather calculated to corrupt than amend the morals of its readers. It is acknowledged, that this valuable paper is neither calculated to amend nor corrupt the morals of such perverted beings as themselves, who, like unto the polar navigator, environed by a vast expanse of ice, their spirits grow stupid, dejected and insensible of noble sentiment; then, poor maniacs, they despise others, because they are themselves despised; and, forgetful of the sublime purposes of their creation, use every effort to vitiate the minds of the innocent.

The prevalence of vice requires the severest censures of moral writers to check it; and I am fully persuaded, that the Companion is calculated for this desirable purpose, and to "improve youth, delight the aged, please at home, and travel with us."

And ye arrogant critics, who are more remarkable for impudence than wisdom, pray do not presume to censure the revered SIDNEY, whose classic page and philosopheme, are calculated to beautify and adorn the juvenile mind with durable precepts of virtue and prudence, benevolence and philanthropy.

Avaunt, ye snarling pedants! no longer evince your want of knowledge and taste, by reviling any writer in a work which confessedly exhibits a talent to

"Grace each subject with enliv'ning wit.—" H.



Mr. Easy,

The perusal of Cowper's poetico-prosaic epistle to the Rev. Mr. Newton, induced me to attempt the following humble imitation of it, addressed to a young lady of this city, who was on the Eastern Shore of Maryland when it was written.

My pretty cousin Ellen,

If any misspelling, or very bad writing, of my inditing, in this, you should peruse, I hope you will excuse my want of invention; nor (kindly) never mention, that you have been discerning my monstrous lack of learning; nor when you this have read, very wisely shake your head, and cry, "Lord have mercy! what a letter! I myself could have written a better! I did not think my Cousin Billy, could have been so very silly. On the *Western Shore*, I know it, he passes for a *Poet*; but were he on *this side* the bay, how the Belles would giggle and say, "from the nonsense he has written, the man is surely mad-dog-bitten, or over head and ears in love, like some cooing turtle-dove; though from what we've heard in chat, he is rather old for that." Well! though this be their conclusion, it will ne'er cost me confusion; because I humbly take it,

I'll be *absent* when they make it; with the Chesapeake's loud roar, 'twixt me and the Eastern Shore; and while they're at me laughing, very possibly be quaffing Generoso's good old wine, or his ice-punch, rich and fine; or taking of a ride, with loveliest Mary by my side; or going to a play, with Eliza sweet as May; or with some other Belle, I don't like half as well; or strolling by a certain run, with young Alexis, dog and gun; or at a fishing party, 'mongst friends so rich and hearty;

With whom I've oft enjoy'd the copious bowl,

" The feast of sentiment, and flow of soul."

But here I'd better stop, and let my goose-quill drop; since it appears if longer so I try, I shall leave off *rhymes*, and scribble *po-et-ry*, and so my lovely Nell, I wish you very well, and remain

CÆLEBS.



The following remarkable instance of the force of friendship is from Mr. Brooke's History of the Human Heart.

Gustavus Adolphus came young to the throne. One night, while he danced disguised at a ball that was given by his chief minister, the masque of the fairest of his subjects fell off, and she broke with a sudden and unexpected glory on the eyes of the assembly; for, though Adelaide was noble, her prudent mother had secreted her far from court, and had tenderly brought her up, like the lily in the vale, unseen and unsullied.

The king felt himself instantly struck with a respectful and humbling sense of inferiority before her: for it is the peculiar prerogative of beauty, that the mighty, and the bold, and the haughty, and even the savage, grow tame and depressed, as in the presence of the immediate representative of Divinity.

Adelaide, in a hurry, caught up her masque, and hastened to cover the perils of her countenance; but the deed was already done; and her image was impressed on the heart of the monarch as indelibly, as though it had been fixed by the machinery of some engine.

He instantly drew his favourite, Valvaise, aside, and whisperingly gave a precipitate order, that he should discover and bring intelligence who the lady was.

Valvaise zealously obeyed the injunction of his royal patron: he brought him word, that she was a maid of illustrious birth, but little known; and, where known, admired as a phænomenon or new appearance in nature.

Valvaise had been prefered to favour by a peculiar appointment of Providence. Adolphus, in the chase of a stag, had out-ridden his attendants. Being thirsty and fatigued, he turned toward a neat hamlet, that was plea-

santly situated at the entrance of a forest. He tied his steed to a tree; and, drawing near, beheld a young swain at the foot of an oak, intent on a little book that he held in his hand. The youth rose at his approach; and, having gracefully saluted him, led him into the house, where he hospitably regaled him with the home-brewed juice of the berry.

Pray, what were you reading? demanded the prince.—A late treatise, sir, on friendship, answered the student. And what think you of it?—As cold, as if it had been written by an inhabitant of Zembla.—I presume, then, that your own sentiments on the subject are warmer.—As the difference, replied the youth, between the torrid and the frigid zones.—You love your friends well, then?—I should sir, had I any: but I dare not trust myself with such a connection; all the men I ever knew would certainly overreach me; I should go twice the lengths for them, that they would go for me.—Such a one as you would make a friend for a king.—But then I should never make a friend of a king. I am told that all, who please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to mind us of our faults.—For that very purpose I engage you, said Adolphus; I am your king!

The youth, all abashed, fell precipitately at his feet; but the monarch as hastily raised and took him to his embrace.

From that day Valvaise became the favourite and bosom confidant of his royal master. He had not, indeed, the burden of the state laid upon him, neither the emoluments of high and envied trusts; all those he declined, wholly satisfied and happy in being the companion of the private hours, and the intimate of the bosom of his beloved lord.

The moment that Valvaise had given to Adolphus the desired intelligence concerning Adelaide, You must go then, my friend, you must go, said the king, and woo this fair creature in my name. You are a youth of gentle manners, and winning address; you cannot fail of prevailing in a cause, where your heart will be so warmly interested in behalf of the man you love. Say, I will marry her directly, in the presence of her mother and a few other witnesses in whom we may confide; but that this must be kept private, at least for a time, for fear of provoking the discontents of my people, as they expect I should strengthen my kingdom by some foreign alliance. Go, my Valvaise! my opinion of your truth is fixed as a rock within my soul; I know your worth to be impregnable, impassable, unassailable.

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his master of a zealous and faithful execution of his commission ; and instantly retired without farther promise.

On the following day, he applied himself to Adelmale, the mother of Adelaide, and flushed her with the ambition and eager desire of seeing her darling offspring exalted to royalty, to happiness consummate. But Adelaide, during a number of visits that he paid her, continued to veil the reality of her sentiments under the semblance of bashful maidenhood and modest reserve.

At length Valvaise grew importunate, and set forth the advantages of his proposal in the most striking lights. He held up to her imagination the personal attractions of his royal patron, accompanied by all the virtues and graces of mind and disposition that ever informed humanity. And, finally observing to her, that Adolphus was more superior to mankind in private excellencies and attractions than in public station, he urged her assent to an immediate union.

The maid repeated a long and deep fetched sigh ; then raising her head, and giving a side glance that entered the heart of the orator, tell me, Valvaise, said she, lives there a man upon earth, in whose suit you would plead so warmly as in that of Adolphus ?—No, madam, not in the universe.—And yet, she blushingly and hesitatingly returned, there lives a certain person in whose suit you might plead with much better success.

Alas, she continued, what is Adolphus to me ? My heart was never formed for pomp or royalty ; it loves the littleness and lowness, the sweet vales and descents of life ; it is as a gentle turtle in the meadows and groves, and seeks not neither can find any kind of joy, save in the affections of its species, and the cooings of its mate. You, Valvaise, as I am told, are not of haughty descent ; your manners are sweetly mild, your person as conformable, and it is the most ardent prayer of Adelaide, that you may be mated to a companion wholly suitable to yourself.

Ah ! exclaimed Valvaise, whither, whither wouldest thou lead me, thou perilous beauty ? Alas, I was already but too prone to follow the sight of the Syren ; and wanted not the additional enchantment of her voice, to seduce and to sink me into a deeper perdition. But honour, virtue, gratitude, shall stand at my side ; they shall bind me as with chains of adamant, that Adelaide herself shall not be able to loose. No ! though heaven were opened this instant before me, and all the powers and glories and blessedness thereof conditionally offered to me, I would not accept them at the cost of my friend's happiness, or of my own treason. It could not be a heaven to me upon such

conditions ; through eternity I should be wretched, in the condemnation of myself.

O Adelaide, cried the fair one ! what a peculiar severity there is in thy fate—to be excluded from all possibility of hope, by the very virtues that serve to increase thy passion ! Be it so, then, my friend ; let us be greatly, let us be nobly, let us be willingly miserable ; and let virtue be, to us, in the place of all other enjoyment ! Perish, perish Adelaide, so the faith of my Valvaise live renowned through ages !

O Adolphus, cried the youth, you know not what a sacrifice I make you at this instant ! Yes, thou bright perfection, I must bid a lasting adieu, while there is will, while strength is left to tear myself away ! Adieu, fair enchantment, O, adieu, for—For ever, O, for ever ! is it not so, cried Adelaide ? and her eyes began to fill. Yet, a moment, Valvaise ; you must not debar me of one short farewell, the memory of which may serve, through life and in death, to be my consolation. It is an expression of the esteem which I owe to your honour.

So saying, she broke into tears, and threw her arms about him. The touch instantly thrilled his frame, and flew through his brain like a flash of ascending lightning. But, heroically declining any return to the dear embrace, he kneeled down, seized her hand, pressed it silently to his bosom, hastily rose, and retired.

Adelaide had an only brother, an officer in the king's guards, whose name was Alleran. He came on a visit of affection to his sister, when, approaching, he beheld Valvaise in her arms. He instantly laid his hand on his sword to wash away the imagined dishonour of his family. But, being struck with the reserved demeanour of Valvaise, he deemed it prudent to make no bustle in the business, till he had called the supposed aggressor to a strict but private account.

During three days, he was in diligent search of the disturber of his repose ; but, unable to procure any intelligence concerning him, he went in his impatience and earnestly besought a private audience of his majesty. He cast himself with emotion at the feet of the monarch, and asked, with a respectful ardour, if he had authorised Valvaise in any address to his sister Adelaide ?

Are you then the brother of the fair Adelaide, said the king ? if so, I think I may put my confidence in you.—Yes, Alleran, I did authorise Valvaise to address your sister ; yet, not in his own name, but in the name of his master, in order to exalt and make her the beloved of my bosom, and the partner of my throne.

Then you are betrayed, most basely betrayed, rejoined.

Alleran : by all that is sacred to the soul of truth and honour, these eyes beheld that Valvaise fondly circled and caressed within the arms of my sister.

There wanted no more. A cloud of sorrow, black and pregnant with thunders, instantly involved the spirit and aspect of the monarch in darkness. His Valvaise had been too deeply rooted in his affections, to be torn thence without many rueful pangs at the parting. But, jealousy, disdain, and the uprisings of rage, at finding himself so ungratefully so cruelly deceived, turned his bowels into bitterness ; and he consoled himself with the idea of seeing his late favourite expiring in slow agonies and vengeful tortures before him.

He sent pressing orders to have him instantly seized. But, being informed that Valvaise had absconded, he issued hot and hasty mandates, throughout his dominions, to have him proclaimed, pursued, and brought alive to his presence ; for he deemed a simple death to be infinitely beneath the satisfaction that was due to his injured friendship ; and he wished for the power of prolonging his life, that he might thereby prolong and perpetuate his torments.

Thus Adolphus continued in a state that might envy the most wretched of his vassals, his bosom torn with a variety of distracting and conflicting passions ; when, on the fourth day, he received the following letter from his detested, though late, his so dearly beloved.

(To be continued.)

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FROM THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

*An account of a melancholy transaction, which took place in this city, many years ago.*

It was in the commencement of autumn, that Orlando, the only son of a respectable merchant of this place, prevailed upon the amiable Arria, to whom he had long been engaged, to fix upon a day for the celebration of their nuptials ; and he had the happiness to see that morning ushered in with the warmest benedictions and wishes for his future felicity that pure friendship can bestow. Arria's relations and his own, together with a numerous acquaintance, attended at the house of her parents, whose only child she was, and whose very existence seemed to hang upon hers. Unaffected satisfaction presided in the assembly, light-hearted wit broke forth in a thousand brilliant sallies, while joy heightened the flush on the cheek of youth, and smoothed the furrows on the brow of age : nor did the sprightly fair one, who was just verging upon sixteen, fail to exert herself to enhance the hilarity of the company. When a convenient time had elapsed, the

priest arose in order to begin the ceremony, but, upon looking round, observed that the young lady was not present ; one of the bride's maids was therefore dispatched to inform her that the company were in waiting for her, but she returned with much disorder, and told them that Arria was not to be found :—her mother, offended at this seeming want of respect for their guests, went in quest of her herself, as did several of the family ; but they all, after absenting themselves for a long time, returned with the surprising account that none knew where she was.—The alarmed assembly then separated to search for her, some supposing that a false delicacy might have prevailed upon her to conceal herself, and others were apprehensive that some fearful accident had befallen her ; every apartment, therefore, of the house in which they were, and likewise the neighbours, together with the wells and cisterns were examined, but all to no purpose ; for when night spread her shadows upon the earth, there still appeared no trace of her they sought.

For several succeeding days strict enquiry was made concerning her, but all proving fruitless, Orlando and her parents gave her up for lost, abandoning themselves to all the agonies of grief :—Sometimes, in frantic anguish, they would accuse her of being false to Orlando, and being with some more favoured lover ; and again they would melt in the tenderness of affection, and bewail the unknown chance which had wrested her from their bosoms ; but suspense barbed the shafts of sorrow,—the susceptible heart of Orlando sunk beneath its weight, and before the next May opened upon the smiling year, he had sought

*"The dreary regions of the dead,  
Where all things are forgot."*

It was in that month that the mother of Arria, having occasion to put away some winter apparel, ascended to the garret, where in a remote corner was placed a large sea-chest with a *spring-lock* ;—believing it to be empty, she attempted to open it, when finding that the spring had catched, she had recourse to the key which lay by it—it unlocked—and she partly raised the lid—but such a horrid smell of putridity burst through the aperture, that the lid fell from her hand !—a frightful idea flushed through her brain, and, uttering a death-like shriek, she fell upon the floor !—Some of the family who were in the apartment below, heard her and hastened to her assistance.—As soon as she was capable of motion, she raised her hand, and pointing to the chest, they instantly opened it, and beheld the ghastly skeleton of the once lovely Arria !!! who, it seems, in a fit of frolic had thrown herself therein,

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expecting every moment to be sought for! but, no doubt, she fainted as soon as she heard the lock shut, and as the chest was too close to admit any air, she must have suffocated before she had a full sense of her deplorable situation.



### A FIDLER.

Is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one:—he has an hundred strings to his bow:—other people are bow-legged, but he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with *cat-gut* and *kit-fiddle*. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him, did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can distinguish sounds, as other men distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open-mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring a tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him, : and, as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note, *by the ear*, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and is obliged to get out of a scrape—by scraping.—His viol has the effect of a *Scotch* fiddle, for it irritates its hearers, and puts them to the *itch*. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen, so does he wear away the string of his fiddle. There is no medium in him—he is either in a flat or sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds—proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes—He runs over the flat often as a race-horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a *cadence*;—the difference is, one is driven by the *whip-hand*, the other by the *bow-arm*; one deals in *akkado*, the other in *staccato*. As a thorough-bred sound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician feels the compositions of *Handel* or *Corelli*.

TIMOTHY CATGUT.

### OF THE PRESENT LORD HOWE.

His Lordship, during the last war, was told one night when at sea, that the ship was on fire near the powder room. “If that be the case,” said his lordship coolly, proceeding at the same time with much deliberation, to put on his clothes, “we will soon hear a further *report* of the matter.” Away, however, flew the terrified officer who brought the intelligence, and soon returned panting, to say, that “his lordship need not be afraid, as the fire was extinguished!” “I never was yet afraid in my life, sir,” was the reply, looking the lieutenant full in the face; “pray how does a man *feel* when he is afraid? I do not ask you how he *looks*!”

An old man, who had married a young wife, complained to a friend how unhappy he had always been: “When I was young (said he) *I went abroad for want of a wife*; and now I am old, *my wife goes abroad for want of a husband*.”

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ATTICUS has favoured us with a valuable Essay, which we intend for the front pages of the next Companion.

LUCRETIA has discovered, alas, too late, what many a silly fair one will hereafter discover, that coquetry leads to sorrowful consequences. And yet, however imprudent the penitent Lucretia may have been in her younger days, we join in her opinion that her “*Honey-moon*” husband conducts toward her with the barbarous spirit of a savage. We will give place to her complaint, that he may “*see himself*.”

PHILANDER’s Letter to Mrs. M—, on a subject dear to every parent, appears to have been dictated by a serious desire to be of service to a family highly deserving the friendship he professes. Our doors always stand widely open for the reception of advice touching the welfare of the ladies. And when we reflect upon the great influence which their manners universally have over the conduct of men, we experience uncommon pleasure in being enabled to furnish judicious instruction for their education.

The last week has produced a plentiful harvest for our almost famished sheet. May this prove the revival of labour in the literary vineyard. From having been almost stunned by the clamour of the city, on the “*doleful*” subject of literary poverty, we confidently anticipate the harmonious *chorus* which is like to be a delightful relief from the grating *bass* of a month of discord. To fill our cup of joy and gladness, we should be pleased if “*Promoter*” would fulfil the promise made some time since.

INCOGNITUS arrived too late for examination.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## APOSTROPHE TO WASHINGTON.

Where'er the sun his fervid rays extends,  
Where'er at eve' his rapid wheel descends,  
Thy name, O much lov'd hero, shall command  
Eternal praise in ev'ry distant land ;  
And when thy ashes in the tomb shall rest,  
The gen'rous virtues of thy patriot breast  
Shall animate some future bard to raise,  
In notes angelic, thy immortal praise ;  
While thy great deeds shall shine thro' endless time,  
Fill the wide world and spread thro' ev'ry clime.

AMARYLLIS.

## SELECTED POETRY.

## TO MY READERS.

My readers—if there any 'mongst you be  
In idle pride of *present* wealth who glory,  
Forgetful of your plebeian ancest'ry—  
Come near I pray and listen to my story :  
And from it draw a moral for yourselves,  
Nor be such obstinate conceited elves—  
So wonderfully nice—  
As to reject good sound advice  
Because the *donor's* fame is small—  
" For (saith the proverb) PRIDE will have a fall."

Once on a time (so stories all begin)  
Some folks who in VIRGINIA dwelt, agreed  
To have a dance, the girls as well as men,  
Which was a very social thing indeed.

Well, when the time appointed came about,  
They deck'd themselves as fine as could be,  
And many a pretty lass was seen to pout,  
Because she wasn't as gaudy as she would be.

All to the dressing-glass paid due devotion—  
The *beaux* tuck'd up their hair with shining combs,  
And smear'd their side locks with the best perfumes,  
Touching their visages with smoothing lotion—  
And the sweet *girls*—though 'twas in melting weather,  
Huddled by dozens in close rooms together ;  
With iron hot each other's hair to crape,  
And lace and squeeze each other into shape ;  
Equipt at last, away they all  
March'd Indian file to the great hall ;  
With hearts high strain'd on expectation's swing  
For the glad hour which should such pleasures bring.

When suddenly the guests were all disturbed,  
By two fair creatures who with voice perturb'd  
(And in the scale of passion high advancing)  
Contended for the precedence in dancing.  
Miss JUDY vow'd point blank  
" She want a gwoine to soil her noble rank,  
" Her Pa posses a wust plantation,

" And negars had for every occupation ;  
" Grit fields of corn, and barrels full of tar,  
" And men to tote the children *ainay wharr.*"  
Miss MIMEY on the other side,  
Told of the Dons to whom she was allied :  
" Her uncle was a *Major*, and for cousins,  
" She counted Congressmen by dozens !"

Well, to be sure, the matter grew quite serious,  
Some join'd the one, some t'other princess royal :  
Disputes ran high, and criminations rose,  
And clam'rous words had nearly brought on blows,  
And the poor FIDLERS too, who did not chuse  
Their precious bodies to expose,  
Sans ceremonie or excuse.  
Each scamper'd off and left his tuneful viol—  
Indeed they did behave like folks delirious.

At length to try and quell the fray,  
M' Turkill rose, a gallant lawyer bold ;  
(All lawyers are, so we are told)  
And thus unto the un-gentle folks did say :  
" Ladies and gentlemen, since dire commotion  
" Boiling and foaming like the storm-vext ocean,  
" Hath been created on the score of BIRTH ;  
" Doubtless it would accord with your desire,  
" If both the noble parties should retire,  
" And search their *pedigrees* to know their worth ;  
" And let a committee with care industrious  
" Mark and report which is the most illustrious."  
So said—so done—away they went,  
But ere ten minutes were well-spent  
Back they return'd most merrily escorted ;  
The committee making this grave report  
Before the gaping court ;

While all the wondering ladies cried out " Goody !"  
That MIMEY's grandfather had been transported  
Six weeks before Miss JUDY's.

## EQUALITY; OR, THE DYING LOVER.

Young Corydon, a forward blade,  
The offspring of a 'squire,  
Address'd a lovely, blooming maid,  
Whose father was a dyer.

" A Dyer's daughter !" cries his dad,  
" What ! marry her ! O fy !"  
" Why not, Sir ?" says the honest lad,  
" You know we all must die."

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